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M. SAINTON and MAD. SAINTON-DOLBY beg to announce that they have REMOVED from Hinde Street to 5 UPPER WIMPOLE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

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"I NEVER KNEW HOW DEAR THOU WERT."

New Song, by H. K. MORLEY, composed expressly for and sung by Miss LASCELLES (the Poetry by CATHERINE WARFIELD) is just published, price 2s. 6d., by Duncan Davison and Co. 244 Regent Street, W.

ELLIOT GALER'S NEW SONGS, composed expressly for him by W. MEYER LUTZ, are just published, viz.:—"Under the Linden Tree" and "Merry little Maud," price 2s. 6d. each, by Duncan Davison and Co. 244 Regent Street, W.

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composed by M. W. BALFE expressly for Madame LAURA BAXTER, and sung by her with distinguished success at St. James's Hall and the Royal Surrey Gardens, is now published, price 2s. 6d. by Duncan Davison and Co. 244 Regent Street, W.

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Composer of "Thou art so near and yet so far," is published, with English and German Words, and a Portrait of Herr Reichardt, price 2s. 6d. by Duncan Davison & Co. 244 Regent Street, W.

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as sung by the Choir of 3000 FRENCH ORPHEONISTS, at the Fêtes given in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, arranged especially for them by CAMILLE DE VOIS, is published in score, price 6d., by Duncan Davison and Co. 244 Regent Street, W.

WILBYE COOPER'S NEW SONG, "The Meadow

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NEW SONGS by EMANUEL AGUILAR.—"SYM-

PATHY," poetry by ELLIS BELL, dedicated to Signor FERRARI, price 2s., and "IN A WOOD ON A WINDY DAY," poetry by ACTON BELL, dedicated to Miss GRACE LINDO, price 3s., are now published by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

"These songs, written by the younger sisters of Charlotte Brontë (Currer Bell, author of 'Jane Eyre'), have been clothed by Mr. Aguilar in beautiful and expressive music. 'Sympathy' is full of tranquil tenderness; 'In a Wood on a Windy Day' paints the agitated and exulting mood often engendered by the stormy aspects of nature—the wind roaring among the branches and scattering the withered leaves, or the dashing of the billows on the sea-beach. Mr. Aguilar has heightened the effect of this last song by the picturesque character of his pianoforte accompaniment."—*Daily News*. "In a Wood on a Windy Day" was sung by Miss Grace Lindo with great success at Mr. Aguilar's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms.

NEW SONG BY MRS. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

"**FOR EVER AND FOR EVER.**"—Song written by ALFRED TENNYSON, to whom it is dedicated by Mrs. W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

From the *Illustrated News*: "Tennyson's exquisite lyric has been as exquisitely set to music by Mrs. Jerrold."

From the *Illustrated Times*: "The charming little poem of 'The River' has inspired Mrs. Blanchard Jerrold with a very beautiful melody which will henceforth be associated inseparably with Tennyson's words. The air is gracefully harmonised, and, altogether, this is one of the happiest musical 'illustrations' of Tennyson that has been produced."

London: Boosey & Sons, Holles Street.

THE PEOPLE'S PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS,

Exeter Hall.—Arrangements have been made with the Committee of Management of the above spacious Hall to establish a series of GRAND VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL CONCERTS for the PEOPLE at popular prices. It is proposed to set apart the following evenings in each week for such a purpose, viz., Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The Directors of these Concerts are particularly anxious to make them essentially educational and in every way suitable and acceptable to the advanced musical taste and feelings of every class of society, and especially to the great industrial masses of the community. The programme each evening will be devoted partly to the best works of the great masters—Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, and others, and partly to compositions of a lighter and more miscellaneous character, such as grand operatic selections and overtures in the various German, Italian, French, and English Schools; added to which will be reproduced, for the first time these last 20 years, the most elegant compositions of those *recherché* writers of dance music—Strauss, Labitzky, Lanner, and Musard. An especial feature in these Concerts will be the performance of an Oratorio on each Wednesday evening in a style of the utmost completeness. The services of a Band and Chorus of 300 have been secured, and negotiations are also pending with some of our best vocalists and solo instrumentalists. Conductor, Dr. JAMES PECH. The prices of admission have been thus arranged:—Stalls, 4s.; Reserved Seats, 2s.; while upwards of 1,000 seats have been allotted at 1s. There will be no extra charge for booking stalls or reserved seats. In conclusion, the Directors confidently hope that this effort will enlist the sympathy and merit the approval and patronage of the people at large.

TO AMATEUR BAND PERFORMERS.—A Large

ROOM (to be LET from 6 to 10 in the Evening, for Practising Purposes), in the neighbourhood of Regent Street and Oxford Street. Gas laid on. Terms moderate.—Apply at the Premises, 10 Poland Street, Oxford Street, W.

THE NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondents.)

NORWICH, Sept. 22.

THE 13th Triennial Musical Festival of Norfolk and Norwich has fully maintained the right of the East Anglian capital to rank among the most eminently musical cities of Great Britain. The successful production of two new works of pretensions like Herr Molique's oratorio of *Abraham* and Mr. Benedict's *cantata*—or, as the composer styles it, "lyric legend"—of *Undine*, would alone have sufficed to commemorate the present anniversary as one of the most remarkable since the birth of the festival. It is by such bold and enterprising policy that the Norwich music-meetings have been able to preserve their ascendancy, and keep up a fair show of rivalry against all competitors, not excepting even the formidable assemblages at Birmingham. We cannot but think that one new oratorio for the morning, and one new *cantata*, symphony, or other important composition for the evening, should be provided on every great occasion. The remaining performances might be exclusively devoted to acknowledged masterpieces, in the presentation of which no risk whatever is incurred. This is not the first time by many that Norwich has set so good an example. Its motto would seem to be "Nothing venture, nothing gained." By similar enterprise Birmingham got *Elijah*; and though a second *Elijah* is not probable, it is, at the same time, not impossible. Mr. Benedict, conductor of the festival, has always been an advocate for the introduction of novelty into the programmes; and here, as elsewhere, he enjoys the hearty co-operation of Mr. Roger Kerrison, one of the hon. secretaries, the most active, zealous, indefatigable member of the Committee of Management, of which the Earl of Albemarle and Dr. Copeman are chairmen, Messrs. Kellett Long and Hay Gurney sub-chairmen, Mr. F. J. Blake treasurer, and Messrs. Kerrison and J. B. Morgan hon. secretaries—together an intelligent and thoroughly efficient working body.

The very inconvenient hour at which the express leaves for London from this ancient and thriving, but to all intents and purposes out-of-the-way city, acts as a stumbling-block in the path of those whose duty it is to forward daily reports of the festival performances. The oratorios terminate on the average about 3 p.m., and the last train by which parcels can reach the metropolis on the same day starts at 3.20. Cathedral towns are not invariably prone to expeditious liveliness in the matter of communication with other parts of the world. Some of them rather discourage than promote frequent and easy intercourse with strangers, and seem to regard the encroachments of commerce and manufactures with suspicion. But Norwich has never been envious of the reputation of a dull cathedral close, a snug roosting-place for Dean and Chapter, a lounge for fat prebendaries, lay clerks, and minor canons. On the contrary, although with some 40 churches, to a population not far exceeding 60,000, it has an eye to business, and is generally looked upon as a shrewd and bustling town. But even from Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, there is a late "express" at a practicable hour; and, while Gloucester may transmit lampers and Severn-salmon up till 5 p.m., not a Yarmouth bloater, much less a musical report of the festival, can leave Norwich for London after 3.20. Whether the fault lies with the railway companies, two of which are tributary to the Wensum and the Yare, or is due to the apathetic indifference of the inhabitants of Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lowestoft, we are not in a position to say. Under the circumstances, just as a "bird's-eye" view of the city of Norwich was taken the other day from the end of Castle-hill, so a "bird's-eye" retrospect of the performances hitherto unnoticed must be taken from the end of Festival-week.

The most important feature at the second evening concert was Professor Bennett's *May Queen*, which was quite as successful as at Worcester, and even better executed. Had it been his own composition, Mr. Benedict could not have taken more pains to secure a correct and effective performance. Almost for the first time in our remembrance all the choruses were well rendered, not excepting even "O melancholy plight" and "Ill-fated boy." To dilate upon the perfect manner in which the music of the *May Queen*, the *Lover*, and *Robin Hood* was delivered by Mad. Novello, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Weiss would be merely a repetition of the praises bestowed on their joint achievements at Wor-

cester; we have only, therefore, to pass a word of unqualified commendation upon Miss Palmer, who gave the contralto music of the *Queen of England* with an emphasis and dramatic expression which left nothing to desire. This charming pastoral has now been performed at four of the great provincial music-meetings (Leeds, Gloucester, Worcester, and Norwich); it is already, we understand, set down by Mr. Townshend Smith for Hereford next year; and when Mr. Costa has introduced it at Birmingham and Bradford it will, to use a quaint but not inappropriate phrase, have "achieved the nimbus"—in other language, made the circuit of the Festivals. At the same concert the foreign Operasingers appeared and again won laurels:—Mlle. Titiens in "Non mi dir;" Mad. Borghi-Mamo in the romance from *Otello* (harp, Mr. Trust); Signor Giuglini in "M'appari, tutt'amor;" Signor Belletti in an air from one of the Italian operas of Buononcini (Handel's rival in London—the lesser hero of Swift's "Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee"); and the four "ensemble" in the graceful quartet, "Buona notte," from the second act of M. Flotow's *Martha*, which last was redemanded. There was a regular shower of ballads—Mad. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Wilbye Cooper, and Santley, each contributing a specimen—all of them well sung, but only two—Mr. Wallace's "Bell-ringer," and Mr. Macfarren's "Ah! why do we love?" (Mr. Santley and Mad. Weiss)—possessing intrinsic merit. There were also excerpts from the Worcester Festival, in the shape of the eternal "Robert, toi que j'aime" (Mad. Novello), the quiet duet from *Il Flauto Magico* (Mr. and Mad. Weiss), &c. Mr. Pierson had another part-song—"To arms"—not so vigorous and spirited, perhaps, as "Ye mariners of England," but sung by the chorus with equal energy, and applauded by the audience with almost equal vehemence. Mr. Pierson is from Norfolk, we believe; but whether this or the patriotic tone of the words selected for his part-songs had most to do with the remarkable success obtained by both of them we cannot pretend to decide. They are certainly meritorious, but their merits seemed hardly commensurate with the plaudits elicited. Annexed are the words of "To arms!"

"Our swords we'll unsheath for the glorious strife,
And our oath is recorded on high,
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or crush'd in its ruins to die.
Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.
"Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust—
God bless the green isle of the brave!
Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust
It would rouse the old dead from their grave.
Then rise, fellow-freemen, &c.
"In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide,
Profaning its loves and its charms;
Shall a foe dare insult the lov'd fair at our side?
To arms! oh my country, to arms!
Then rise, fellow-freemen, &c.
"Shall a tyrant enslave us, my countrymen? No!
His head to the sword shall be given;
A death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to Heaven.
Then rise, fellow-freemen," &c.

The second and third lines of the last stanza may be somewhat difficult to reconcile; but the sentiment, which, after all, was the important point, enlisted the sympathies of every hearer. An English Weber to set our patriotic songs in chorus would not be unwelcome just now. Some instrumental solos agreeably relieved the vocal programme. M. Sainton, on the violin, played his own *fantasia* on *Lucrezia Borgia* with wonderful fire and brilliancy; Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Benedict gave Mr. Osborne's duet on the *Huguenots* for two pianofortes, with entire success; and the lady selected as a solo the universally popular "Home, sweet home," of which a local paper (the *Norfolk News*) speaks in the terms subjoined:—

"Arabella Goddard also sang 'Home, sweet home,' not to, but upon the pianoforte, for it was literally singing, with the addition of Thalberg's miraculous accompaniment. Nothing would satisfy the audience but an encore, when she favoured them with 'The last rose of summer.'

This lady's execution, perfect and astonishing as it is, is not so great a charm as the soul with which it is animated."

The second part of the concert was to have begun with Haydn's symphony, No. 5, and to have terminated with Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz*; but, by some unexplained process, Haydn's symphony was metamorphosed into Weber's overture (a lamb into a lion) and Weber's overture to Bishop's "Tramp" chorus (a lion into a mouse). We presume that at the eleventh hour the programme was found too long. Nevertheless, the changes should not have been made without a word to the audience; and, as a short speech from Mr. Benedict—who is idolised at Norwich just as Mr. Costa is idolised at Birmingham and Professor Bennett at Leeds—never fails to be well received by the audience, a short speech would have been a graceful condescension on this occasion. At the third and last evening concert Mr. Benedict's *Undine* was produced with unequivocal success. The following outline of the story—altered and compressed from a carefully-made analysis of the different pieces comprised in the Festival programme—may serve to afford the reader a tolerably correct notion of what Mr. Benedict has so happily set to music:—

"Undine, a water spirit, has left her home for the sake of Hildebrand, lord of a castle on the banks of the Danube. Kühleborn, kinsman of Undine, disapproves her attachment, suspecting that the mortal lover will prove unfaithful. Nor are his suspicions ill-founded, for Hildebrand no sooner returns to his castle, than, forgetting Undine, he espouses a lady named Bertalda. To avenge this slight to his race, Kühleborn summons the spirits of the waters, who destroy the castle and its owners, while Undine bewails the fate of her lover. In order to render the contrast between the two female characters complete, Bertalda is supposed to be a lady of rank, and not, as in *La Motte Fouquet's* tale, the daughter of a fisherman. After an instrumental prelude the *cantata* begins with a chorus of water spirits, bewailing the loss of Undine. This is interrupted by a bass solo for Kühleborn, who explains the cause of her absence. The burden is then taken up again, and the whole concludes with the antiphonal chorus, describing the life of the Naiads—

— "Ancient Nereus' daughters,
Who, free from care and strife,
In their sparkling grottoes dwell,
Listening to the Triton's shell"—

in which (for the first time) men's voices are introduced. A colloquy, in recitative between Hildebrand and Undine is succeeded by an air for the latter, explaining to her lover the supernatural attributes that may probably one day deprive her of his affection, and accompanied by a chorus of invisible spirits for women's voices. A short trio between the lovers and the incredulous Kühleborn conducts us to a scene and air for Hildebrand, who dwells on the happiness he would have found with Undine, in a slow movement. A march heard in the distance, announcing the arrival of Bertalda, however, changes the course of his reflections, and in an "allegro" he expresses his determination to free himself from the trammels of ignoble repose, and following his destiny henceforth lead the life of a knight and hero. The march, which had been faintly heard during Hildebrand's air, now approaches. Bertalda arrives, and is hailed with an epithalamium. In an air she describes her anticipations of happiness as future mistress of the castle; and this leads to a short duet in which Bertalda and Hildebrand exchange mutual words of affection. Undine, however, suddenly appears, and a quartet ensues, in which the water spirit in despairing accents announces her willingness to renounce Hildebrand, if he, on the other hand, will abandon Bertalda: while Bertalda treats the unwelcome intruder with scorn and contempt, Hildebrand himself is divided between a feeling of remorse and his love for Bertalda; and Kühleborn vows vengeance for the insult. The quartet gives way to a bass air, with chorus of ocean spirits, who, at the summons of Kühleborn, bring death and destruction upon all the inmates of the castle. Undine is then carried away by her companions, bewailing the fate of her lover, and lamenting that her immortality prevents her from sharing it. The sound of her voice grows fainter and fainter, till at length, as she gradually retreats to her watery home, it melts into silence, and the 'cantata' terminates. Her parting words are worth quoting:—

"Bright green earth, farewell, farewell.
Now I seek my distant cell,
There, beneath the waters deep,
O'er my short-lived joys to weep,
For in death I may not sleep,
Thou art happier far than I,
Dearest, would that I could die!"

The libretto of *Undine* is in its way perfect. Not only is the story well conducted, but the ideas are poetical and the versifica-

tion admirable. Mr. Benedict has set it to music *con amore*. He must, indeed, have been enamoured with his subject, or he could not have illustrated it so felicitously. The overture is a masterpiece of fairy music, as delicately instrumented as it is beautifully conceived. The opening chorus of naiads (or "nixes," or "daughters of old Nereus"—or what we will), and all that follows in the scene with Kühleborn is highly picturesque, the whole possessing, moreover, the unusual merit of being an imitation neither of Weber's *Oberon* nor of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Undine's song, "Mark the waves that rippling play" (of which we are loth not to reprint the words), is just such a graceful inspiration as one might imagine would flow from the lips of the water-nymph—that is, supposing her to be a songstress, like Weber's pet mermaid. The little trio (a round, or canon), for Kühleborn and the lovers, keeps up the spirit of what precedes it, and clearly marks the distinction between the various personages. The next scene, in which Hildebrand's apostrophe to Undine is interrupted by the arrival of Bertalda (announced by the march—a capital march, by the way), and the tender strains of the ballad, "From worldly cares and toils afar," give way to the energetic war song, "Loud sounds the trumpet," is as vigorously imagined as it is artistically executed; the wedding-chorus "Hail to the noble pair," appropriately jubilant and exhilarating, is well carried out by Bertalda's air "The baron's old castle looks proud and bright," in which the haughty maiden exults in the dream of her approaching destiny. Though brief and unpretending, the duet between bride and bridegroom—"Happy day"—is not the less engaging; while the quartet that succeeds it, in which the conflicting emotions of Undine, Bertalda, Hildebrand and Kühleborn are portrayed—is not merely an ingenious composition in an abstract musical sense, but exhibits that power of contrasting while combining—making an harmonious whole, in short, out of conflicting parts—which is one of the rarest and most enviable gifts in a composer. The finale, involving the vengeance of Kühleborn and the destruction of Hildebrand and Bertalda, is of a piece with the rest, as dramatic and forcible as anything in the *cantata*. The performance of *Undine* was such as to confer honour alike upon chorus, band, and principal singers—Mad. Novello (Undine), Miss Palmer (Bertalda), Mr. Sims Reeves (Hildebrand), and Mr. Weiss (Kühleborn)—who all did their utmost to show their high esteem for the conductor of the Norwich Festival, and to ensure an adequate appreciation for his new work. We cannot enter into details, but must especially mention Mad. Novello's sweet warbling of the delicious melody, "Mark the waves that rippling play;" Miss Palmer's excellent singing of Bertalda's air; the spirit and energy that distinguished Mr. Weiss's delivery of Kühleborn's solo about "love;" and the superb declamation of Mr. Sims Reeves in the war-song of Hildebrand, which was the more remarkable from its immediate contrast with the amatory effusion (the apostrophe to Undine) that goes before. Had Mr. Benedict wished to provide Mr. Reeves with an opportunity of displaying his equal excellence in two styles essentially opposed to each other he could hardly have written anything more to the purpose. Last not least, the execution of the overture by the band cannot be too unreservedly eulogised. Orchestral playing more delicate and subdued, and at the same time more nicely distinguished for the accurate observance of light and shade, has rarely been heard. The *cantata* was rapturously applauded, and at the end Mr. Benedict was called for unanimously and greeted with an enthusiastic demonstration.

The remainder of the concert does not call for many words. Among the vocal features were "Qui sola, vergin rosa," which, on being encored, Mlle. Titieni metamorphosed into "The last rose of summer;" a romance by Mercadante, which Signor Giuglini is accustomed to interpolate in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and which he was now compelled by general desire to sing twice; Hoel's romance in *Dinorah* (act iii.), which no one sings more admirably than Mr. Santley; "Batti, batti," by Mad. Novello, with Signor Piatti at the violoncello, a faultless combination of voice and instrument, as may be readily divined; "O mio Fernando" (*La Favorita*), Mad. Borghi-Mamo's execution of which needs no eulogy; the florid air from *Il Seraglio*, given by Signor Belletti better, if possible, than at Worcester; two new ballads, "The

winds that waft" (Wallace) and "The slave's dream" (Weiss), both so well sung, the first by Mr. Wilbye Cooper, the last by Mr. Weiss himself, that the maxim (recently enforced by circumstances), "In the multitude of ballads is not music," did not present itself to the mind; Spohr's delicate romance of the Rose (*Azor and Zemira*), by Mad. Weiss; "Come into the garden, Maud," which, in spite of the emphatic demand of the audience, the discreet Mr. Sims Reeves could not be prevailed upon to repeat; the sparkling "brindisi" from *Lucrezia*, by Mad. Borghi-Mamo, and two duets, one from the *Trovatore* (by Mad. Borghi-Mamo and Mr. Sims Reeves), the other from *Il Turco in Italia* (by Signor Belletti and Mr. Santley, both sung to perfection, both unanimously encored, but the first only repeated. The instrumental displays were the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, by the band; Ernst's enormously difficult *fantasia* on the march and willow-song in *Otello*, by Mr. Blagrove; and the variations and *finale* of Hummel's celebrated Septet for pianoforte (Miss Arabella Goldard), flute (Mr. Pratten), oboe (Mr. Barret), horn (Mr. Charles Harper), violin (Mr. Sainton), viola (Mr. Webb), and double-bass (Mr. Howell)—all first-class performances, and the last so well received by the audience as to justify the belief that Hummel's fine work might safely have been presented without curtailment, at the expense of two or three sentimental ballads which no one would have missed. St. Andrew's-hall was "crammed to suffocation" (*sic*), and in consequence of almost everybody being either encored or summoned back the duration of the concert was protracted until midnight.

The *Messiah* need only be named. All the principal singers took part in it—that is all the English singers, the foreigners (Titens, Borghi-Mamo, Giuglini, and Belletti) have taken their departure. With all respect for those accomplished artists, we must add that every one was satisfied: for that no singers understand the music of Handel, and especially of Handel's *Messiah*, so well as our own, cannot, we think, be denied. Had there, however, been a doubt on the subject, it would have been set at rest on this occasion by Mesdames Novello and Weiss, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Wilbye Cooper, Santley, Weiss and Santley, who one and all sang their very best. Messrs. Cooper and Santley had comparatively little allotted to them, but with this little they took as much pains as though the entire weight of the oratorio had rested on their shoulders. The choruses were superb, the stupendous "Hallelujah," to which the audience rose, producing an effect difficult to portray, and still more difficult to forget. The band was to match: and the conductor, Mr. Benedict, may comfort himself with the reflection that one of the grandest performances ever heard of the sublimest of all oratorios was given under his direction.

The ball in the evening was a splendid affair. All the beauty of Norfolk (and Norfolk enjoys a great repute in that respect) seemed to have assembled there as an appointed rendezvous. There were upwards of 400 dancers and about 500 lookers-on in the galleries. The hall was brilliantly lighted, and dancing was kept up, to the animating strains of Mr. Weippert's excellent orchestra, until "the small hours" were merging into bigger ones, and daylight began to pale the illuminated windows of St. Andrew's Hall. It is calculated that the receipts of this festival will, after some expected donations have come to hand, exceed those of 1857 by nearly 1,000*l.*, so that the "guarantees" may button up their pockets without the risk of being accused of stinginess; and although the expenses are stated to be considerably above 4,000*l.*, the charities *must* get something worth accepting. The inhabitants of Norwich have bestirred themselves on this occasion with more spirit than usual. The Mayor (Mr. J. H. Tillett), among others, by his personal example and assistance, has contributed materially to the successful result. Having expressed a wish that the advantage of hearing some good music should be extended to the humbler classes, he has been able to make arrangements with the architect to restore the galleries which were removed for the ball, and on Monday and Tuesday he intends to give a musical treat to the school children of Norwich. The members of the Norwich Choral Society, greatly to their credit, have offered their gratuitous assistance; and Dr. Buck, to whom the noted efficiency of the cathedral services in Norwich owes so much, has consented to preside at the organ. It is expected there will be about 2,500 children to each performance.

The programme will include, among other things, "Before Jehovah's awful Throne," in which the children are to take part, and selections from the *Messiah* and the *Creation*. Befitting climax to a festival! The following table (just made out) will afford some general idea of the comparative results, in a pecuniary sense, of the meetings of 1857 and 1860:—

	Total Numbers.	Receipts in 1860.	Receipts in 1857.
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Monday evening	1,044	322 15 0	592 10 0
Tuesday evening	674	401 12 6	630 11 6
Wednesday morning . . .	973	645 4 6	621 1 6
Wednesday evening . . .	1,329	746 11 0	515 4 0
Thursday morning	815	494 11 0	621 1 6
Thursday evening	1,345	790 13 0	393 11 0
Friday morning	1,662	1,055 5 0	851 11 6
Totals	7,842	£4,456 12 0	£3,604 9 6

The policy of introducing new works is not henceforth likely to be questioned after the success of *Abraham* and *Undine*. And now that the festival is over, it only remains for us to thank Mr. Roger Kerrison, in the name of the London press, for his unceasing courtesy and politeness, and to congratulate Mr. Benedict not merely upon the deserved success of the musical performances, but upon the admirable organisation which allowed every wheel in the machinery of this immense undertaking to move freely, and to do its work efficiently. With such competent assistants and "*devanciers*," as Mr. Harcourt (organist), Mr. Bray (leader at the rehearsals), Mr. T. F. Hill (chorus-master), and—why should his name not be added, since without a librarian there would be no music, and without music there could be no festival?—Mr. Goodwin, the labours of the conductor were materially lightened, and the efficacy of his ultimate superintendence made doubly efficacious.

NOT MERELY GIFTED, BUT CONSCIENTIOUS.—Mad. Novello as she always does, took infinite pains, and with great beauty of tone, and that polished elocution and faultless execution which has made her an example worthy of the imitation of all rising professors. Whatever Mad. Novello undertakes to do, whether for the pleasure of the most illustrious, or the least elevated, she always has regard to the honour of the art, and of the composer whose work she is the exemplar, and of her own great fame. Mad. Novello never loses sight of these, as we conceive, most important points; important not only as regards the credit of the artist individually, but as regards the character of a profession which Mad. Novello adorns and elevates in every relation of life, as well as by her great intellectual ability and highest musical attainments. And it is the loss of these at a time when all these powers are in their vigour, which deepens the regret at hearing that this is the last occasion when all these attributes and acquisitions are to confer upon those who admire such powers, such pleasure as Mad. Novello produces. To listen to her rich and liquid tone, so pure and bright, is of itself intense pleasure. It is, however, decided as that Clara Novello is soon to be no more heard by the public. Those who look at this determination as more than a mere passing thought, will see that the same admirable good sense and appreciation of her fame as one of the finest of English vocalists that has ever adorned the wonderful art of whose beauties she undertook to be a demonstrator, has guided Mad. Novello in the decision to retire. When she has retired she will leave behind her recollections of her cultivated powers that in no way indicate, that

"The brightest and the dearest,
All that's bright must fade."

But that she retires with her laurels as unfaded, and her intellectual and vocal powers as versatile and as unrivalled as she herself could desire them to be in the memory of the living, and in the universal records of her time. This Festival may be her last in Norwich, we hope it will be "her blithest," and that Countess Guilich will long adorn her name and her happy home with those who are to her dearest and best beloved.—*Norfolk News*.

MOLIQUE'S "ABRAHAM."

(To the Editor.)

As the description of the book of Herr Molique's *Abraham*, which was published at Norwich shortly before the Musical Festival, has been imputed to me by one of the local newspapers; as it has been a good deal quoted; and as one particular passage in it has been dissented from both by yourself and by *The Times*, I trust you will allow me space for a short explanation, which I think you will find to be needed under the circumstances of the case.

Some time since I was requested by one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Festival Committee to write an analysis of the oratorio of *Abraham*, after the manner of one which I had done many years ago of the music of Haydn's *Creation*. This I at once declined, thinking that it would be a piece of presumption on my part, and of unfairness both to the composer and to the public, to criticise music which had never been publicly performed. Being much pressed, however, I consented to do what I could to call attention to the work. It then occurred to me that this would best be done by giving an analysis of the story, as found in the book of words. I accordingly accomplished this task as well as I was able, pointing out what I conceived to be the merits and defects of the book, and stating the evidence upon which my opinions had been founded. Being doubtful whether my paper would suit the object in view, I stated, upon sending it in, that I should not be in the least hurt by its rejection, but that if it were accepted, it must be printed *verbatim et literatim*. This condition was consented to, and I dismissed the matter from my mind.

Some time after, I was told that objections had been made to several of my remarks upon *Abraham*, but that if I would consent to the excision of about a line, to which my attention was called, the rest of the paper should stand as I had written it. Though I would rather have had it returned than tinkered with, I acceded to this alteration. Judge, then, of my surprise at finding, when the paper came out, that not only had two or three interpolations been made, but that *sixty MS. lines of criticism had been altogether expunged!* This quite altered the character of the thing, and rendered it in my eyes worthless. One of the interpolations represents me as believing that the composer of *Abraham* was also the compiler of the book. Now, I had not the most distant idea that such was the case; if I had, I should have alluded to it in a very different way. I think that the knowledge of our translation of the Bible, shown by the compiler of the book, is something wonderful for a foreigner, and I should certainly have said so. Much as I felt vexed at the treatment which my paper had received, I resolved to submit to it in silence. But when I found, first *The Times*, and then *THE MUSICAL WORLD*, mistaking the drift of one passage, clearly for want of the light which would have been thrown upon it by others, which had been suppressed without my knowledge or consent, I thought it time to say a word of expostulation. However, as no man is a judge of what is fitting in his own case, if you think what I have here said to be uncalled for, you are at liberty to suppress it, and I shall trouble you no further on the subject. I only ask you, as an indifferent person, to put yourself for a moment in my place, and to do as you may think you would wish to be done by.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THOS. D. EATON.

Norwich, 1st October, 1860.

MOLIQUE'S "ABRAHAM."

From "The Morning Post."

THE great event of the festival has been of course the production of Herr Molique's oratorio of *Abraham*, and as our notices of that important work have been necessarily brief, we will now offer some further remarks upon it.

The opening chorus, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord," with its short but grand introduction, reveals to us at once the powers of Herr Molique as a musician of the first class. The tenors give out in unison a theme which is immediately after taken up by the full chorus, the words being "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord," the theme originally assigned to the tenors being now partially imitated by the sopranos in the third above. In the construction of music of this description the choice of a *motivo* is of the first importance. The composer has to aim at simplicity; and although rhythmical accent must be sufficiently marked, closes are to be avoided as much as possible. Thus the *connoisseur* will observe with pleasure how careful Herr Molique has been in the construction of the subject—short as it is—which opens this chorus, and how surely he calculated upon the profitable use that might subsequently be made of it. There is no modulation, but the

termination of the theme on the third of the key keeps the ear sufficiently expectant of something to follow. Apparently trifling things like this are of the first importance in the construction of a long continuous piece of music. After a soft and tranquil second part, which reposes chiefly on the dominant harmony, the first *motivo* reappears, and is conducted through various modulations and forms of free imitation with masterly skill up to the commencement of a spirited quick movement on the words, "For he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water. His leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." For this song of rejoicing Herr Molique has written a strict fugue in four parts, with brilliant and beautiful accompaniments in free, florid counterpoint. The subject given out by the basses, and then repeated in the most orthodox fashion in respective succession by tenors, altos, and sopranos, is bold, striking, and simple enough for even unpractised ears to follow and recognise it through all the mazy convolutions to which it is subjected. The entrance of the answer (a somewhat critical point) is, we need scarcely say, managed in the best possible way. Nobody, we would presume, would expect to find a musician like Herr Molique upon the fatal "bridge," the "*pons asinorum*," where destitute contrapuntists are apt to seek refuge from the difficulties of their position. No! here is no cobbling together of subject and answer, no "*Schusterfleck*" (as old Albrechtsberger called such things), but a genuine and natural exhibition of skill, such as we do not always find even in fugues belonging to very celebrated oratorios of the present day, whose famous authors have not entirely despised the "bridge." But the fugue goes on as well as it begins, and through a long and masterly development—charmingly relieved by episodes and accessory ideas—a close, vigorous *stretto* and an energetic *coda*, progresses grandly to the final chord.

Immediately after this fine Hymn of Praise, the "action" of the oratorio commences with a tenor solo. The *recitant* (tenor voice) tells us with appropriate dignity how Abraham has been commanded by the Almighty to depart into the land of Canaan. Abraham now gives vent to his feelings of gratitude and adoration in a smoothly-flowing, fervent, and dignified air in G major, common time. We have spoken already on a former occasion of the great beauty of this song:—"Lead me, O Lord, lead me in thy righteousness," and described it as one of the very best solo pieces in the oratorio. How charmingly simple and melodious is the first strain; how graceful and interesting the florid accompaniment to the second strain beginning, "I will fear no evil;" how admirable for contrast the sustained beauties of the first and second strains is the third *gang-artige* part, where the voice divides melodic phrases with the accompaniments; and how fresh and charming (though the thing is quite simple) is the return to the first subject through the chords of the seventh on B natural, E minor, the seventh on A natural, and the seventh on D natural to the common chord of G. There is certainly nothing at all new in this progression. The manner in which it is employed makes all the effect. The instrumentation, too, for flute, two clarionets, one bassoon, two violas, string basses, and solo violoncello, is throughout original as it is masterly and beautiful. The *recitant* now describes how "Abraham took Sarah his wife, and Lot his brother, and all their substance, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran, and departed." This leads to a beautiful quartet in B flat for the principal voices, "Go in peace, before the Lord is thy way," written in the composer's finest and best manner. The *recitant* continues, "And into the land of Canaan they came, and the Lord appeared unto Abraham, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land; and Abraham builded an altar to the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord." Now Abraham sings a song of thanksgiving in E flat—"Lord, my God, thou hast begun to show thy servant thy mercy," with which the prayers and adoration of his people are associated chiefly as responses to the solo voice, in a highly solemn and impressive manner. This is appropriately broad and grand in style from the first note to the last. It is now eloquently told by the reciting tenor-voice how strife arose between the herdmen of Abraham and those of Lot; and an air, in F, for Abraham, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee," follows, than which nothing could be more appealing or more completely to the purpose. Tender and affectionate, yet happy and confiding in character, it expresses most felicitously all the meaning of the words and situation. Abraham never seems to doubt his brother's love; the often-repeated question, "Are we not brethren?" touches the heart, but there is a sweet and loving undercurrent of feeling expressed by the graceful and bright accompaniments, which appear to reflect the rays of life's morning, when Abraham and his brother were too young for ambition's serious strife, and convinces us that there can be but one answer—a very affectionate one—to the question. The conception of this song is poetical as its execution is masterly and beautiful. The following recitative for the tenor voice tells us how the brothers separated. Then comes an air in A minor, also for the tenor voice. The words beginning "Who walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness," convey only moral reflections, which, how-

ever, are perfectly *à propos* to the situation. The distinct and richly-varied part-writing, rhythmical structure, and melodic continuity, remind us a little of Sebastian Bach; but the air is, nevertheless, taken as a whole, one of the most original pieces in the oratorio. We are now told, by "an angel," that the word of God came to Abraham in a vision, saying, "Fear not! I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." Abraham says, "Lord God, what wilt Thou give me, seeing I go childless?" "The angel" replies, in the name of the Lord, that Sarah shall bear a son, and that the seed of Abraham shall be numberless as the stars. Here follows a flowing and eminently graceful hymn of adoration in E, for full chorus, "O how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee." The plain and largely-phrased subject first assigned to the tenors is next repeated by the sopranos an octave higher. Then a second part, begun by the basses, is continued in imitation by the altos. *A tutti* in four parts, on the same subject, succeeds. A new theme, though resembling the first in rhythm, is now heard from the tenors on the words, "Thou hast given them their heart's desire." This is imitated throughout in the second above by the altos. Then fragments of the first subject are introduced in close imitation, and the chorus finishes with the leading theme in full harmony, with a few bars as *coda*. The constantly undulating accompaniment to this chorus is very beautiful, and serves, by its florid character, to set off the plain, stately notes of the vocal subjects to the best possible advantage.

A brief and agitated instrumental *allegro* in C now most expressively announces the arrival of the messenger, who bears the startling news that Lot has been taken prisoner. Abraham instantly determined to rescue his brother, and in a heroic, spirit-stirring recitative calls upon his people to "beat their ploughshares into swords," their "pruning-hooks into spears," and follow him to battle. A grand war song sung in D, with chorus for male voices, "Arise, arise, and let us go by night," sung by Abraham and his adherents, succeeds this exhortation. Then the women offer up their prayers for Abraham's success in a very beautiful chorus in A, "Hear our prayer, O God of our salvation," consisting of a richly harmonical *andante*, quite ethereal in its purity and crystal clearness, a middle movement *pia-mosso*, on the words "Lord tread down thine enemies," in which the fertile resources of imitative counterpoint are most advantageously employed; a return to the first object with a different (a figurative) accompaniment and an appropriate *coda*. We are now told how Abraham armed his trained servants, and pursued the enemy into Dan, and brought back again his brother and his brother's people. Here occurs the noble march in E flat (a masterpiece in its way) of which we spoke in our first notice; and after a brief recitative, in which Abraham fervently expresses his gratitude for the victory which God has permitted him to gain, the first part of the oratorio concludes most worthily with a superb chorus in F, "Praise ye the Lord, and give thanks to him," one of the largest and most scientific pieces in the score. The massively harmonised melody (reminding us a little of Mendelssohn's famous "Thanks be to God; He loveth the thirsty land") that commences the chorus is presently subjected to the process of partial imitation, with constant modulations in all the voices. Then comes a masterly fugue on the words, "His right hand and his holy right arm has gotten him the victory," the vigorous subject of which, started by the tenors, is successively taken up by the altos, sopranos, and basses; and after a series of close imitations on the pedal bass of the dominant of the key, a return to the first subject again in massive harmony, a magnificent peroration displaying summarily the essential features of the entire piece, brings this majestic and exciting chorus (the orchestral accompaniments to which, written throughout in free, florid counterpoint, are quite equal to the rest of the work) to a splendid termination.

The second part opens with a song of thanksgiving and rejoicing in B flat, "I will extol thee, my God, O King!" It consists of an *allegretto*, in common time, and an *allegro moderato* in three-four measure, which recalls slightly to our mind the "Be not afraid" of Mendelssohn. In a recitative for a tenor voice the promises of God to Abraham that Sarah shall become a "mother of nations" is related. A masterly and beautiful trio for alto, tenor, and bass, in E flat, "Let all those rejoice who put their trust in the Lord" (already described in our first notice), follows. An accompanied recitative for the bass voice now reveals the Almighty's intention to destroy the "cities of the plain" for their iniquity; and his wrath is very grandly and terribly expressed in a chorus in C minor, "I will rise up against them;" the *motivo* of which is, however, nearly identical with that of a chorus in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. After this, Abraham, in accompanied recitative, implores the Lord not to destroy the righteous with the wicked, but to spare the city, "if, peradventure, there be fifty righteous within it." This supplication, pleading at last for mercy even for the sake of ten righteous that might be within the city, and the replies of the angel

(assigned to a soprano voice), are so well managed as to prove that Herr Molique possesses genuine dramatic feeling and genius for the picturesque in music, beside the other high qualities for which he has so long been particularly celebrated. In a recitative for the alto voice it is now declared that "The Lord looked down from heaven to see if there were any that did understand and seek God," and Herr Molique has sought to express the Divine grief that "There was not one that did good" in a Mendelssohnian but very beautiful and deeply-pathetic song for a contralto voice, "They kept not the law," in F minor. The magnificent chorus in B minor, "And the Lord stretched forth His hand against them," that comes next, was like many other pieces described in our first notice of "Abraham." It is worthy of the greatest masters.

A recitative for the tenor voice next relates that "Sarah bare Abraham a son," and that "Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian, which she had born unto Abraham, mocking;" but Sarah's demand for the expulsion of Hagar is expressed in a duet in A minor, "Cast out this bondwoman," a piece of which we have already spoken in terms of enthusiastic admiration. Here is another proof that Herr Molique can be a dramatic as well as what Richard Wagner would call an "absolute" musician. "An angel" then declares in recitative the wish of the Lord with respect to Hagar, and the unhappy mother of Ishmael is accordingly cast forth with her child into the wilderness. Here follows a simple beautiful chorus, "Commit thy way unto the Lord," in which nothing but common chords are employed; but this we noticed sufficiently on a previous occasion. A tenor recitative, preceded by a short instrumental movement that admirably illustrates the sufferings of Hagar in the scorching desert, describes how "the water was spent in the bottle," and "Hagar cast the child under one of the shrubs," intending to abandon him. This is followed by a very pathetic and touching air for Hagar in F sharp minor, "Hear my prayer," the melody of which, however, again betrays the Mendelssohnian influence, to which Herr Molique appears at times to submit *con amore*.

The next recitative relates the mercy of the Almighty to Hagar, and His promises to the forsaken bondwoman respecting her son; and here follows immediately a colossal chorus in D, "Great is the Lord," consisting of an *andante maestoso*, in full choral harmony, with florid accompaniments—a particularly fine fugue, with a superb peroration, in which all the resources of fugal counterpoint, imitation, and modern orchestration are employed with the happiest possible effect. To this also we have already called special attention. In a recitative the angel messenger now delivers to Abraham the Divine command to offer his son Isaac as a burnt-offering in the land of Moriah. The grief and desolation of Abraham are here expressed in an air consisting of an *andante* on the words "My delight is turned into sorrow," an *allegro con fuoco*, "The Lord has turned his hand against me," and a repetition (after a few connecting bars of recitative on the words, "The joy of my heart is ceased") of the first, or rather a portion of the first, movement. This air includes many beauties of a high order, but the key of F minor being used throughout gives a certain monotony to the effect. The following aria in A flat for the tenor voice, "Pour out thy heart before the Lord," is a lovely composition, perfectly Mendelssohnian in phraseology. Of this, too, we spoke in our first notice. In a tenor recitative we now hear that Abraham has made due preparation for the sacrifice of Isaac; and after a short recitative in dialogue between the father and son, Abraham sings a very touching supplicatory song in G minor, "Lord have mercy upon me." The terrible moment is rapidly approaching, and a soprano air for Isaac in A minor, "Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes," followed by a recitative, in which Isaac vainly entreats his father to spare him, sustain the interest, until at length the voice of the angel messenger proclaims the deliverance of both father and son from the awful ordeal to which they were exposed, and the scene terminates joyously with a duet in E for Isaac and Abraham, "It is of the Lord's great mercies that we are not consumed," an admirable piece, which we have already described. After a brief recitative, in which Abraham again expresses his gratitude to God, the oratorio ends with a grand chorus of thanksgiving in C, "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord Almighty," in which the composer's powers as a contrapuntist are once more exhibited with the happiest effect.

The latter portion of this very fine work is, regarded from a dramatic point of view, perhaps susceptible of improvement. A little more emotion, energy, and characterisation would, we think, be desirable in the great scenes between Abraham and his son, which move somewhat slowly and heavily along, despite the constant excellence of the music. However, that *Abraham*, as it stands, is the greatest oratorio written since the time of Mendelssohn, we believe no musician will deny; and we sincerely hope that the great success which has attended its production here may lead speedily to a worthy performance of it in the metropolis.

A WATER SERENADE.—At the moment when Mad. Jenny Lind was about to leave Upsala, where she had been staying some time, by the steam packet for Stockholm, a number of students in a small row-boat approached the side of the vessel and began singing a serenade in honour of the celebrated *cantatrice*. Just as the steamer was about to depart the too enthusiastic admirers of the singer, in their eagerness to catch a last glimpse of her, all rushed to one end of the boat, which instantly capsized and soured the whole party in the water. This involuntary bath, however, did not in the least cool the ardour of the young enthusiasts, who held on by the thwarts of the boat and continued their serenade as if nothing had occurred. One of the students, who could not find room for his grasp, swam alongside the boat and still made use of his vocal powers. The captain at last prevailed upon the students to make their way to the quay, where having arrived, and dripping like water-rats, they raised a terrific "Hurrah" nine times nine for "Jenny Lind," and separated.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—ROYAL ENGLISH

OPERA.—Season 1860-61.—The admirable situation of this great operatic establishment, its unparalleled acoustic properties, unequalled musical capabilities, and unrivalled literary resources, together with the flattering success which attended its late Italian Season, has determined the Lessee to venture on the experiment of producing at Her Majesty's Theatre a series of English Operas, during a certain portion of each year. The Season will commence on Monday, the 8th of October next. As will be seen by the accompanying list, the first vocal and instrumental talent has been secured, and will further be secured, no matter at what expense. The lessee and manager of this vast establishment, not being a vocalist himself, can have no professional jealousies—his only aim, in duty to his patrons and subscribers, will be to put the "right man in the right place." The services of Mr. Sims Reeves are already secured, and negotiations are pending in addition to the following engagements:—Soprano—Miss Parepa, her first appearance at this theatre; Miss Jenny Bauer, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, her first appearance at this theatre; Miss Alcesandri, from the principal theatres in Spain and Italy, her first appearance in this country; and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, her first appearance on the stage; contraltos—Miss Laura Baxter and Miss Fanny Huddart; tenors—Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Parkinson, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Terrott, and Mr. Swift (from La Pergola, Florence, &c.), his first appearance at this theatre; baritones—Mr. Rosenthal and Mr. Santley, his first appearance at this theatre; buffo—Mr. George Honey, his first appearance at this theatre; basses—Mr. J. G. Patey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. Hermanns. Conductor—Mr. Charles Hallé; Leader—Mr. H. Blagrove. A new and original opera, composed expressly for this theatre, will be produced on the opening night, Monday, October 8th, entitled *ROBIN HOOD*, Music by G. A. Macfarren, Libretto by John Oxenford, Esq.; with new scenery under the superintendence of Beverley; in which Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. George Perren, Mr. George Honey, Mr. J. G. Patey, Mr. Santley, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, &c., will make their appearances; and shortly afterwards will be presented another new and original grand romantic opera, also composed expressly for this theatre, entitled the *AMBER WITCH*, from the pen of that popular composer, W. V. Wallace; together with other new operas of importance by eminent native composers. The whole of the splendid and unique appointments of Her Majesty's Theatre, both before and behind the curtain, will be made available in giving effect and comfort to the audience departments. An elegant new dress balcony has been erected, after the most approved Parisian style, combining both convenience and comfort. The scenic department under the superintendence of Mr. William Beverley and assistants; prompter, Mr. Grus; suggestor, Signor Fontana; costumiers, Miss Dickinson and M. Laureys (de Paris); the machinery, &c., by Mr. Tucker; the properties by Mr. Needham; ballet master, Mons. Massot; acting manager, Mr. Mapleson; stage manager, Mr. Robert Roxby. Particular care and attention has been bestowed on the formation of the Orchestra and Chorus, which will be considerably augmented, the whole having been carefully selected, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Charles Hallé. This Theatre having hitherto been devoted to the production and performance of Italian Lyric Drama, the lessee, for the suggestion of numerous subscribers and habitues) has been induced to give a few representations of Italian Operas, which will positively be limited to 30 nights, commencing on Wednesday, the 10th of October, to be continued three nights weekly, until the 16th of December, alternately with the English Operas. The lessee has, therefore, at an enormous outlay, secured the eminent services of those renowned artists Mlle. Titiens and Sig. Giuglini, together with other principal artists of celebrity, whose names will be found in the following detailed list of Italian engagements:—Soprani, Mlle. Titiens, Mlle. Vaneri, and Mad. Lemaire; baritoni, Sig. Valsovani and Sig. Gassier; buffo, Sig. Ciampi; bassi, Sig. Vialetti and Sig. Castelli; tenori, Sig. Soldi, Sig. Mercuriali, and Sig. Giuglini. Conductor, Sig. Arditi. For the ballet diversification, Mlle. Morlacchi, &c. The repertoire will be selected from the following favourite operas:—*Il Trovatore*, Verdi; *La Sonnambula*, Bellini; *Ernani*, Verdi; *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Donizetti; *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Rossini; *Gli Ugonotti*, Meyerbeer; *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Donizetti; *La Traviata*, Verdi; *I Puritani*, Bellini; *Don Giovanni*, Mozart; *Norma*, Bellini; *Rigoletto*, Verdi; *Marta*, Flotow; *I Vespri Siciliani*, Verdi; *Oberon*, Weber; &c. The above English and Italian arrangements can only be realised at an enormous outlay; Mr. E. T. Smith looks with perfect confidence for adequate remuneration to the support of the nobility, gentry, subscribers, and the public, whose kind and unvarying patronage has enabled him to hold the reins of management through so many seasons at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and especially through his late campaign at Her Majesty's Theatre, profitably and triumphantly. Notwithstanding the vast additional expense necessarily incurred in the engagement of such celebrated singers, besides a double company of artists for both languages, the prices of admission will be at the same reduced rates, both for the English as well as the Italian performances. The subscription list for the first 60 nights, or 30 English and 30 Italian, at the option of the subscriber, is now ready, and may be seen at the box-office, under the portico of the theatre, which is open daily, from 10 to 6, under the direction of Mr. Nugent, and where boxes, stalls, and places may be secured for any period in any part of the house. The doors will open at half-past 7, and the performances commence at 8 o'clock, on each evening throughout the season. All applications respecting the artists for public and private concerts in town or country, to be addressed to Mr. Mapleson, the musical agent, at the theatre, or 12 Haymarket. Prices of admission:—Pit stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 5s.; first circle, 4s.; second circle, 3s.; upper box circle seats, 2s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; gallery, 1s.; gallery side stalls, 1s. 6d.; gallery stalls, 3s.; private boxes, upper box, half circle, to hold four persons, 10s.; private box, third tier, to hold four persons, £1. 1s.; private box, second tier, to hold four persons, £1. 11s. 6d.; private boxes, first, second, and grand tiers, two guineas, three guineas, and four guineas.

Births.

At Manchester Street, Manchester Square, on the 18th September, Mrs. F. B. JEWSON, of a daughter.

On the 30th September, the wife of HERR WILHELM GANZ, of a daughter.

Notice.

Our Reviews of New Music will be resumed next week.

THE MUSICAL WORLD may be obtained direct from the Office, 28 Holles Street, by quarterly subscription of Five Shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1860.

THERE are many apostles of Falsehood, but Truth is in want of disciples. The lies begotten by the apostles of Falsehood upon the bodies of Sophistry and Corruption are so numerous that the heavens are darkened by them. But Truth shines behind, like the sun, and it is for her worshippers to make war against the locust host of lies, and, dispersing them, let the world behold the full glory of the light they have for a while obscured. We, as the humblest of Truth's disciples, shall draw sword in the cause, and fight her battles against her enemies. What we shall say will offend many and hurt some; but Truth is vital to the health of art, and the interests of private individuals are as dust in the balance.

Lord Bacon, the wisest of philosophers, in his golden book, exclaims against the *idola* that blind the eyes of men's judgments and prevent their beholding Truth naked. The *idola* are the prejudices which are born of divers parents. It is for those who would behold the face of Truth, and make it glorious to mankind, to wage war against them and destroy them utterly. They are stubborn enemies of progress; the poisonous sophists that distort and vilify. Until they are swept away the mind cannot comprehend a single proposition. Let it be then our task to uproot them from the soil they render sterile; let it be for us to cast them into the fire, until they be consumed and infect the air no more. Like good husbandmen, we must weed the pastures or they will not bear crops.

The art of music is but a type of other arts. Its growth is fostered or stunted by favourable or adverse circumstances. But it is the youngest of the arts. There is yet time yet to save it from corruption. From examples in the history of other arts we may know what to do, and what to eschew. Let us then study them and profit.

First, the professor of music should be brought up in the eternal principles that apply to all art. Next, the taste of the laity should be educated. If an artist do well and yet is not appreciated, it is an injury to art. But, if when he does well and is encouraged, and when he does ill he is admonished, it is a glory for art. To promote this end, for the sake of art, should be the aim of all criticism; but to promote it requires certain learning and endowments that not many critics possess, and, indeed, at the present time, scarcely any. We shall not, by a process of logical ratiocination, enlabour to give the reason of this deficiency,

but shall strive to make it appear as if it were an inevitable consequence of the facts that we adduce, and the observations we shall make upon them.

It will be said that we make over much of music, and magnify its importance. But this will be an error; for, though music, like history, be not a matter of magnificence and memory, like poetry, it is a matter of refinement and aspiration. Shelley has said that "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Translate his meaning largely, and he is right; he speaks of all poets, no matter what their medium of expression. Poetry and music address themselves to the intellect through the medium of the ear; painting, sculpture and architecture through the medium of the eye. There is no art that addresses itself to the intellect through the organs of taste, or touch, or smell; therefore are the organs of hearing and seeing the greatest and most magnanimous of the senses; the ear and the eye may be likened to carriers that bear the mind its food and riches; and, according to the manner of the nourishment and clothing, is the health or sickness of the mind. The important office of these carriers cannot be over-estimated; on them depend refinement and wisdom, and according to their burden is a man a barbarian or a civilian in the universal meaning. Therefore Shelley's apothegm should be written in gold, and inscribed upon the Temple of Truth. "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." These are the words of an oracle.

Would the world be better, or worse, had Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, never lived? This question has been often asked, but never answered. We say the world would have been much worse for want of them. For the mind, when contemplating sublime images, is admonished of its immortality. That which is body can corrupt and perish, but that which is ideal cannot be effaced; its style is not of earth, but of heaven; not of the finite, but the eternal. In listening to the divine music of these mighty poets, we are walking with them in the country of the infinite. Their inspiration is from God, and is a proof that man is not as the cattle; for if man's mind can comprehend what is inspiration, it can embrace the enigma of imperishability. And surely that which makes us feel and know we are immortal is of the highest consequence. Of how great import is it, then, that art should be rid of all that clogs its wings, and prevents its flight upward; that it be not, as the soul in a weak body, or as the fingers on a defective instrument, unable to declare the hand that enforced it! The perfect accomplishments of art are the endeavours of the immortal spirit to fly up to the *anima mundi* of which it is a part. Spinoza, in forgetting art, left out what would have made his ethics perfect. He overlooked the link that binds the finite to the infinite; for, inasmuch as mathematics is tangible and finite, it is inferior to art, which is intangible and infinite. Mathematics is the symbol for all that man can seemingly reduce to elements and know entirely, but art is the symbol of what he desires to know and cannot, being human. One is the earth we tread upon, the other the heaven we aspire to. In one we walk step by step, in the other we traverse boundless space in an instant. Reason has barriers, imagination none.

WE are glad to see that with our two English opera-houses we are to have several new English operas. The Pyne and Harrison management announces a work by Mr. Balfé, while at Her Majesty's Theatre Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood* is on the eve of production. At the latter establishment, too, Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch* is wanted, and will be

brought out, it is said, in a few weeks; and at both theatres the directors are evidently determined to perform as many operas by English composers as they can secure. The plan is such a good one, and so clearly conducive to the interests of the managers, that it may seem superfluous on our part to thank them for adopting it. But the same sort of thing may be said of liberal enterprises of all kinds, and, thanksgiving apart, we may at least be allowed to express our approval of the manner in which Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison at Covent Garden, and Mr. E. T. Smith at Her Majesty's Theatre, view their positions as conductors of English opera-houses. The latter, as we have said, promises two new works by native composers for the approaching season, and we find that the former, during the two past seasons at Covent Garden, have produced four (Mr. Balfé's *Satanella*, Mr. Leslie's *Romance*, Mr. Mellon's *Victorine*, and Mr. Wallace's *Lurline*), besides the English version of Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, which was performed infinitely better than any opera of equal difficulty and importance was ever performed on the English stage before.

But we took up the pen not in a humour to praise but to condemn. Let all who do well continue to do well; our business to-day is with those who are pursuing an evil path which may lead not only to their own destruction (a catastrophe for which we might be able to console ourselves), but to the destruction, or at least the abasement, of the art which they direct. We mean the art or artistic pursuit known as the Italian Opera, which is not in a fine position anywhere in Europe just now (being supported by one composer who every now and then breaks down), but which in England is gradually being degraded into a spectacle with musical accompaniments. A friend of ours in Paris, who was not ashamed to confess openly his impotency to enjoy dramatic music, used to go frequently to see the *Prophète*. He said he should go oftener if all the music were left out, except the march (which he acknowledged to be a stirring composition), but as there was no chance of any such omission being made, he continued to attend the Académie from time to time when the *Prophète* was played, and always came back in raptures about the decorations and processions, and especially about the coronation scene. We have no doubt many persons in London who frequent the Royal Italian Opera go there when one of its magnificent spectacular pieces is being played, for the same reasons that induced our anti-musical friend to visit the Grand Opera in Paris. We do not mean to go the length of saying that they would like Tamberlik's and Mad. Csillag's music left out, but that the scenery and general "setting up" is to them the major attraction. But, on the other hand, are there not, we ask, hundreds and thousands in London to whom the scenery is only so much pasteboard and canvas, who care little or nothing for troops of warriors and monks on the stage, except in so far as they strengthen the choral body, and who would rather sacrifice the whole of the spectacular paraphernalia of the *Huguenots*, than lose a single phrase of the duet between "Raoul" and "Valentine," even though "Raoul" were as incorrectly attired as "Valentine" invariably is, and though the whole scene between them took place in a barn. We are not admirers of shabby scenery, still less of anachronistic costumes, but we should listen with delight to the music of such operas as the *Cenerentola*, the *Count Ory*, and the *Elisir d'Amore*, however barely they might be put upon the stage, and the reason why we are not enabled to hear them oftener is, that they present no opportunity for the introduction of spectacle, and that the managers of our principal Italian theatres reserve their energies and their money for spectacular pieces alone. Of course the money question has a

great deal to do with the matter; for, with the enormous sums spent at the Royal Italian Opera on the getting up of any new work taken in hand, it is utterly impossible to bring out more than about one a year. The tailors', carpenters', and painters' bills for the *Prophète* (for instance) must have been sufficiently large to make Mr. Gye feel some natural hesitation about producing the *Sicilian Vespers*. The production of a grand opera in the style of the Académie-impériale (of which the Royal Italian Opera is in many respects a copy) may be attended with enormous success, but two such triumphs in one season would be the theatre's ruin. If our managers could afford it, they might spend a million on the *mise en scène* of every opera they represented, and we would not complain. Splendid decorations do not injure an opera very much; they distract the attention from the music for a little while, but are soon forgotten. The evil becomes serious, however, when so much money is lavished on the production of one immense spectacular opera that no other new opera can be given the same season. Moreover, the director, to get back the capital he has invested in it, must continue running his expensive show-piece for such a number of nights that it wearies mere lovers of music. Thus, who was not tired last season of *Martha*, which was tiresome enough when it was brought out at the Royal Italian Opera three years ago, and which in "supers" and stage finery, must have cost more than would have been needed for the production of three Italian operas, full of beautiful music. There is some trouble, we are aware, in finding new Italian operas just now; but one would like to hear the latest composed by Verdi, if only from curiosity; and it is a curiosity, which, under a reasonable system of management, might easily be gratified. Besides, an old opera by Rossini is always better than a new one by Flotow.

We owe this love for spectacular pieces to the absurd mania for imitating the French, with which our stage has been afflicted, more or less, ever since Charles the Second's reign. In Handel's time we could not establish an Italian opera without giving it the stupid title of "Academy," merely because the French (whose opera just then was in a contemptible condition) had blunderingly given that name to their national lyrical theatre, of which the patent, as we explained in a previous article, was originally granted for an *académie*,* in the sense of *accademia* or concert. At present everything that is good enough for the Parisians (whose Opera has always been one third a dancing booth and one third a panorama) is thought good enough for us; and the effect of reproducing the costly *mise en scène* of their favourite works as fast (which is not very fast) as they happen to be brought out, is to render it impossible for our operatic managers to give as many "novelties" as amateurs of music have a right to expect.

We hope the directors of our English operas will not fall into the mistake (which it will be easy and pleasant to avoid), of spending enormous sums of money upon the decoration of their pieces, otherwise there will soon be an end to two new operas a season, or five in two seasons, which is the number given by the Pyne and Harrison management at Covent Garden. Compare this with the number of new works produced at the Royal Italian Opera which is certainly one of the very first lyrical theatres in Europe, but which appears to us to sacrifice a great deal too much to spectacle. Its last new Italian opera, the *Traviata*, was brought out in 1857, and since the opening of the new

theatre in 1858, we have had *Martha*, *Dinorah*, and *Orfeo*. That is to say, at a great Italian theatre, one opera by an Italian composer, two by Germans, and one by a Germanised Russian, in four years. However, we welcome the production of the thoroughly beautiful and comparatively inexpensive *Orfeo* as a good sign. When the present fails us we must go back to the past; and if Mr. Gye wishes to gain our unqualified approbation he will give us more *Orfeos* and fewer *Marthas*.

ELSEWHERE will be found "a rhapsody" (appropriately styled) on the Ninth Symphony (the Choral) of Beethoven. The pen of the writer, Mr. "Aries le Fise Vascher," must have been dipped in sunbeams. We envy him his faculty of composition, which appertains to the "streamy-beamy" style; but we dispute his facts. It is plain from the assertions of Schindler, which have a more solid basis than mere conjecture, as well as from the internal evidence of the work itself, that the introduction of Schiller's *Ode to Joy* into the Ninth (whereby it became the Choral) Symphony, was an afterthought of the composer. Schiller's fine poem is governed by one idea and purpose. The spirit of happiness, joy, universal brotherhood, and love pervades every line of it. It includes no sombre thoughts whatever. The poet never has occasion to say, in allusion to his own work, "But away with these tones; let us have something more joyful." Beethoven merely inserted the words because he was conscious that the predominant qualities of his first three movements were *not* those of an "Ode to joy."

There is much more real joy and calm happiness in his Eighth Symphony (F major), in the *Pastorale*, and in a portion of the Seventh (A major), than in the exclusively instrumental movements of the Ninth. The first parts of this, like many other compositions of the same hand, are simply an eloquent expression of the deep and varied emotions by which the writer's soul was agitated. They are noble, magnificent pieces of music; so wonderful, indeed, and gigantic in their proportions—so vast in their design—as to create the necessity for something unusually grand and colossal as a worthy climax to the whole. It was then, probably, when Beethoven, oppressed with the great difficulty of the task he had set himself, was reflecting upon the best means of accomplishing it, that he conceived the happy idea of introducing Schiller's ode, which, with vocal solos and choruses, could scarcely fail to give a novel and extraordinary grand character to the movement, such, in fact, as would render it thoroughly fit to crown the magnificent work. This is our conjecture; but we offer it with submission, and are ready to give it up when we see good cause. We can discover in this symphony *no general design* which points to Schiller's *Ode to Joy*. There is *no one idea* in a constant and gradual state of development throughout; but the workings of the human heart, in alternate joy and sorrow, in all its mysterious forebodings, bright imaginings, and dark dependencies, appeal irresistibly in every bar to our warmest sympathies.

The New Philharmonic Society, like Moses and Warren, formerly kept a poet—an æsthetic and critical poet, whose business it was to explain, in touching language, the occult beauties of great works, and to instruct the audience when and why they should applaud. His inspired lucubrations appeared in a little book, with a pretty and perfectly appropriate green cover. This production was industriously circulated amongst the thousands who thronged Exeter

* The Americans of the present day, as ingenious as the English of 1720, call their principal Opera House at New York the Academy of Music.

Hall to hear the new society's admirable concerts, and must, perforce, have exercised considerable influence over the minds of all who could not, or would not, think for themselves; and these, as a matter of course, constituted the majority. That the little green book's opinions were not lightly estimated, was sufficiently proved by the fact that its commentary upon the "Ninth Symphony" was reprinted *verbatim*, as an original article, in the columns of one of our leading morning contemporaries. There was in this odd lucubration so much of the same kind of "steamy-beamy" element which distinguishes the "rhapsody" of Mr. "Aries le Fise Vascher," that we are forced into a sudden remembrance of what we should otherwise inevitably have forgotten. Mr. Vascher's "Rhapsody" is indeed a wonderful ebullition of mysterious poetry, and replete with a peculiar kind of truth "utterly at variance" with received ideas, and which, while common-place people do not profess to understand, it is still nevertheless permitted to admire.

"The sublime edict of Pythagoras" looks remarkably well in print, and has an overwhelming sound; and we hope that we can appreciate that kind of joy which comes "like an appalling voice, speaking in thunder from Heaven," even though it may frighten us out of our senses. We also know the value of such grim mirth as finds vent in violent ebullitions and wild manifestations, in minor modes and broken rhythm. We have even felt inclined to associate this with the proceedings of operatic devils (who always, for some unaccountable reason, sing and dance with horrid glee whenever they get upon the stage), or the ravings of despair, rather than with an ode to true joy, breathing pure happiness and universal love. But the eloquence of our great "Aestheticker" coupled with "the sublime edict of Pythagoras," is too much for us, and, though unable (perhaps disinclined) to be corroborative, we will venture no uncourtly antagonistic opinion. The reasoning of Mr. "Aries le Fise Vascher" is quite equal to his imagination; nay, the very construction of his sentences carries with it a certain sort of conviction, whilst a thick stream of inscrutable poetry gushes from each well-selected word.

Is not the logic truly marvellous which shows us that Beethoven considered extreme joy a fitting theme for the loftiest poetical treatment, *because* it enabled him to employ the minor mode, protracted cadences, &c.? Are not the passages, also, very fine wherein the writer tells us that, *whatever* may be the merits of Schiller's poem, its triumph consists in its having originated a great musical work—and speaks of the measure of joy being so unlimited, and "of our being in love with the whole world," and inclined to caress every living and inanimate thing (tigers, serpents, polecats, and putrefactions included), "whilst all objects seem to be robed with a splendour born of delight, and emanating like rays from ourselves?" Ordinary folk might imagine that if Schiller's poem contained every possible beauty, its author's greatest triumph would be found in his own work, rather than in Beethoven's music, they might also fail to discover with nicety the various *degrees* or limits of the unlimited; they might object to hug polecats, caress cobras, or kiss hyenas, whatever their state of happiness, or however bright "the rays emanating from themselves to robe objects with splendour." But, as we said before, this commentary is to be admired rather than understood by ungifted minds; and we must not set a thing down as bad, simply because it baffles our reason. We should be humble, and reflect that the fault may be in our own obtusity, made still more dense and rigid by stiff-neckedness.

PETIPACE OF WINCHELSEA.

MR. BENEDICT'S *Undine*, one of the interesting novelties at the recent Norwich Festival, belongs to a style of art totally different from that which is exemplified in Herr Molière's *Abraham*, but is no less admirable in its way. Here we have the genial spirit and picturesque orchestral colouring, the light fancy and dramatic purpose which distinguish the best works of the so-called romantic school of which Weber was the head, if not the founder. La Motte Fouqué's story of *Undine*, which is the subject of Hoffmann's opera (so highly praised by Weber and Dr. Marx) has been slightly altered by Mr. John Oxenford, the author of Mr. Benedict's *libretto*; for Bertalda is here supposed to be a lady of rank, and not, as in La Motte Fouqué's tale, the daughter of a fisherman. This change has been made to gain a more complete contrast between the two female characters. Mr. Oxenford's version of the legend is, then, as follows:—*Undine*, a water spirit, has left her home and her companions on account of her love for Hildebrand, lord of a castle on the banks of the Danube. Kühleborn, the principal kinsman of *Undine*, disapproves of this attachment, suspecting that the mortal lover will prove unfaithful. Nor are his suspicions ill founded, for Hildebrand no sooner returns to his castle than, regardless of *Undine*, he espouses a lady named Bertalda. To avenge the wrong thus done to his race, Kühleborn summons all the spirits of the waters, who destroy the castle and its owner, while the gentle *Undine* bewails the fate of her unfaithful lover.

After a picturesque and spirited overture in F minor and major, in which Mr. Benedict's genius as an orchestral writer is most strikingly exemplified, the "lyrical legend" (for so the authors term it) opens with a very ethereal and poetically-conceived chorus of water spirits in D minor for female voices only, the words of which, by Mr. John Oxenford (whose *libretto* is indeed throughout a master-piece), we cannot refrain from quoting:—

"FEMALE SPIRITS.

"Undine, Undine,
Sad without thee have we been.
Why hast thou left us, sister fair,
To dwell beneath a chilly sky?
We miss the glance of thy light blue eye,
We miss the flash of thy golden hair;
The foamy waves as they roll along,
Mingle a sigh with their ceaseless song,
They call thee back, Undine."

This is followed by a spirited and vigorous bass solo in G minor for Kühleborn—"Love, a tyrant on the earth"—appropriately deep in colour and wild in character, bearing, moreover, the genuine stamp of the German romantic school from first to last. Mr. Benedict is particularly happy in music of that description. After a repetition of the opening chorus comes a full chorus in the key of D major, charmingly fresh, and joyous in expression:—

"Storms may lash the waves to foam,
Scatt'ring death and terror round,
But we scarcely hear the sound
In our tranquil home,"

sing the water-spirits, male and female, to most appropriate music. We have described the above-named pieces separately; but it must be understood that they are all connected, and form together one symmetrical whole. This is succeeded by a recitative for Hildebrand and *Undine*, leading to a sparkling, sportive, and charmingly tuneful song and chorus in E flat (with harp, *obbligato*), in which *Undine*

first reveals to her lover that she is a spirit, in the following lines:—

"UNDINE.

"Mark the waves that rippling play
Crown'd with silver light,
On each crest of glittering spray
Rides a joyous sprite.
Sportive Nixies yonder pass,
Tripping o'er the liquid glass.
Can'st thou not their form descry?
Know that such a sprite am I;
Wilt thou, dearest, from me fly?"

An exceedingly graceful and purely-voiced trio in A flat, in which the lovers express their mutual passion, and Kühleborn betrays his suspicions of Hildebrand's constancy, leads to a highly dramatic *scena* for the tenor voice. The struggles between affection for the mysterious water-spirit, and the ambition of a warrior that can only be gratified by abandoning Undine, struggles which are now racking the bosom of Hildebrand, form the subject matter of the *scena*. An opening recitative, (accompanied) leads to a sweetly flowing *cantabile* in B flat, in which Hildebrand dwells fondly upon the happiness he might have enjoyed with Undine. This state of feeling is, however, presently interrupted by the sound of a distant trumpet, heralding the approach of the noble Lady Bertalda, to whom Hildebrand is betrothed. His martial ambition now gains the ascendancy, and the *scena* terminates with a dashing and vigorous movement, perfectly expressive of the words and situation. It is followed by a melodious and graceful wedding march in G, which will doubtless become highly popular in its arranged form for the pianoforte.

The march is succeeded by a joyous and brilliant wedding chorus in E flat. Then come in immediate succession a highly effective *aria* in two movements for Bertalda, in the somewhat unusual key of B major, expressive of the lady's happiness and exultation, and a pretty little love duet in G major, for Bertalda and Hildebrand. Undine now comes to warn the happy pair, and her willingness to renounce Hildebrand if he will renounce Bertalda. Undine is agitated by the strife between love and pride within her breast, the haughty Bertalda affects to treat the strange intruder with scorn, Hildebrand is struggling between love and duty, while Kühleborn vows vengeance for the insult offered to his race. All these conflicting emotions are most truthfully and excitingly expressed in a powerfully written and thoroughly dramatic quartet in G minor; but even this is surpassed by the deeply poetical and picturesque finale in which Kühleborn invokes the aid of the water-spirits to destroy the faithless Hildebrand, his bride, his kinsmen, and the voice of Undine is heard faintly in the distance, after the destruction of Hildebrand's castle, mourning for her mortal lover.

The following are the admirable words of this *scena*; and when we state that Mr. Benedict has done ample justice to them, we believe that higher praise could scarcely be given:—

"KUHLE.

"Attend ye kindred spirits to my call,
Chieftains of the countless waters,
A mortal wrongs the fairest of your daughters,
And by his guilt insults you all.

"CHORUS.

"We hear thy call—we hear thy call,
Through valley, mountain, grot, and hall.

"KUHLE.

"Naiads who sport in the restless waves,
Rising in hosts from your coral caves;
Sirens who warble a song so sweet,
Ye are charg'd by man with his own deceit;
Tritons who bid the ocean cell,
Echo the note of your sounding shell;
Nixies who from your wild hair fling
Sparkling drops of the crystal spring;
Spirits, who hurl from the beetling rock.
Torrents that fall with tremendous shock.
Wonders of beauty, monsters of fear,
Hear me—hear.

"CHORUS.

"We hear—we hear.
Called by thy voice we are gath'ring near.

"CHORUS WITH KUHLE.

"Leap on the bank, rush from the spring,
Death from the mountains in torrents fling,
Smite the turret, batter the wall,
Level'd with dust be the ancient hall,
Shatter the trees, scatter the corn,
Till the land is made a waste forlorn,
Without a trace,
That man has known it as a dwelling-place.

"UNDINE.

(Solo.) "Bright green earth, farewell, farewell.
Now I seek my distant cell,
There, beneath the waters deep,
O'er my short-lived joys to weep,
For in death I may not sleep.
Thou art happier far than I,
Dearest—would that I could die!"

On the whole, this cantata is eminently calculated to raise Mr. Benedict's reputation as a composer.

THE "NO. IX."

(A RHAPSODY.)

BEETHOVEN had long cherished the idea of giving a musical expression to Schiller's *Ode to Joy*, a poem which, in glowing and harmonious numbers, apostrophises Hope and Faith, inculcates a belief in the good, preaches the doctrine of universal brotherhood, and typifies the beauties of nature. Such a poem was just the one to impress Beethoven, and it won his entire admiration. But whatever its intrinsic merits, its great triumph—its *greatest* triumph—was that of having indirectly originated one of the noblest inspirations of the human mind. Beethoven not only availed himself of a portion of the verses, which he set to music as a *finale* to his colossal symphony, but gave the world his own notions of the subject, in three instrumental movements of surpassing beauty and grandeur. The first of these, in D minor, *allegro non troppo*, is the longest single movement known. Its style is passionate and sublime. Poetically regarded, it is an attempt to suggest, by musical sounds, that vague and indefinable feeling which accompanies unbounded joy, when the heart, overflowing with exultation—when, from some happy circumstance, the very sense of being is a delight that cannot be restrained—when the measure of joy is so unlimited that we are in love with the whole world, and feel inclined to caress every animate or inanimate thing, when all the objects around us seem robed with a splendour not their own—a splendour emanating like rays from ourselves, and born of the delight that overwhelms us. In joy, as in sadness, when the heart is overstocked, the first desire is to impart to others what we feel; for the sublime edict of Pythagoras applies to both, and men must neither exult nor despair alone. Beethoven's development of this feeling is utterly at variance with the common-

places that pass for truth; the prevalence of the minor mode, the mysterious character of many of the passages, the alternations of calm and violent ebullitions, the broken and varied rhythm, the long-protracted cadence, and the overpowering magnificence of the climaxes, demonstrate that Beethoven contemplated the extreme manifestation of the passion of joy as a subject for the loftiest æsthetical development. The knowledge he possessed of all the resources of the orchestra enabled him to double the intensity and endow with stronger contrast the fitful changes of expression with which this movement abounds. The crescendos are so artfully managed that they appear to be continually accumulating power until the full orchestra peals out in the fortissimos. The return to the theme is appalling as a voice from heaven speaking in thunder. The enormous difficulties of this movement are dreadfully perplexing to the players, and should never be attempted without careful rehearsal. To expect it to go satisfactorily without would be preposterous. The *scherzo*, also the longest movement of its kind ever written, is in the same key as the *allegro*, D minor; but the striking opposition of character obviates the monotony that would otherwise accrue. The style of this *scherzo* is playful and fantastic, and exhibits the same passion of joy, but a less wild manifestation of it. In the second bar occurs a curious development of a phrase in three-bar rhythm. The trio, by its flowing character, the alteration of rhythm from three to four, and the peculiarity of its instrumentation, offers a beautiful contrast to the *scherzo*. The *adagio*, the third and last of the instrumental movements, and of a different character from either, suggests a state of calm and unruffled happiness, in which joy and all the passions are at rest. The tender key of B flat lends itself easily to the soft delineations of orchestral colour, and of these Beethoven has made prodigious employment. The stream of melody is almost voluptuous, in the sinuosity of its outline, and the smooth unbrokenness of its measure. Nothing can be more soothing, beautiful, and tuneful. The *finale*, in which the chorus and solo voices are introduced, opens with a kind of recitative for the orchestra, where the violoncellos and basses officiate, so to speak, as the voice part. This conducts to a melody—*allegro*, in D minor—executed in unison by the same instruments, subsequently treated in three parts, and ultimately in full harmony for the whole orchestra. A recitative for a solo bass voice introduces a quartet and chorus in D, of which this melody constitutes the subject. A movement *à la marcia*, in B flat, 6-8 time, with triangle and side-drums, forms the subject of a tenor solo, which is afterwards developed as a full chorus: this is further elaborated through a masterly instrumental movement in the fugued style. The chorus in D is then resumed *fortissimo*, with a variation of florid passages in triplets for the orchestra. A chorus, *maestoso*, in G intervening between this and the second resumption of the chorus, is diversified by other devices of counterpoint and instrumental combination. Two choruses, in which the same words are treated with accumulating brilliancy, conclude this movement and the symphony.

—ARIES LE FISE VASCHER.

BLIND SCHOOL, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.—The pupils of this useful Institution gave an interesting Concert on Monday last, under the direction of their musical professor, Mr. Edwin Barnes. The programme included works of the highest class, among which we specially noticed organ solos by Haydn, Mendelssohn, Rinck, Handel, with choruses from *Judas Maccabeus*, Mr. Costa's *Eli*, and other works. The performance reflected great credit both upon the pupils and their instructor.

The Operas.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—The winter campaign may be said to have commenced in reality. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have been the first to blow the trumpet at Covent Garden. Dr. Wyldé blew a faint blast at St. James's Hall a few nights after, and Mr. E. T. Smith on Monday next is expected to blow trumpets enough, his own included, to batter down the walls of Jericho. The managers of the Royal English Opera have this year displayed extraordinary forbearance in issuing no prospectus, when perhaps it was never more needed, seeing that for the first time since they attempted to establish a national opera, five years since, they have encountered a *bona fide* opposition. Even the bills and advertisements state no more than that Mr. Balfe has written a new opera, and that "various novelties are in preparation." This unusual reticence on the part of the management implies great dependence on present resources. No doubt a continuous success for *Lurline* is anticipated, and a revival of *Satanella* is looked forward to with confidence. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison are very Tories in their administration. They are opposed to all change, and like to keep an opera as long as possible before the public, as thinking that an old friend is better than a new one. Unhappily this is the age of reformation, and the desire for novelty is supreme. In the good old days of Bunn and the *Bohemian Girl* at Drury Lane, the run of a hundred nights for an opera was considered necessary to a genuine success. These Tory days are gone, and managers now must move with the times and be swayed by the feelings of the people. The success of *Lurline* last season was incontestable; but even that admirable opera nowadays cannot expect to obtain a never-ending career, and run like works produced under the Bunn dynasty. If Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison attempt it, we think they will do so at their cost.

The season opened on Monday night. *Lurline* was the opera. The cast has undergone important changes from last season. Miss Leffler has been substituted for Miss Pilling in the part of Ghiva; Mr. Henry Wharton for Mr. Santley in that of the River King; Miss Albertazzi for Miss Fanny Cruise in that of Liba; and Mr. Grattan Kelly for Mr. George Honey in the Baron Truenfels. Miss Leffler (daughter to the late popular baritone, Mr. Adam Leffler) is a great improvement, in voice and singing, on Miss Pilling. Her voice is a mezzo soprano of charming quality, sufficiently powerful, and produced without the least effort. Her singing proves the good style and method of her masters, Signor Schira and Mr. Frank Mori. Miss Leffler made a decided hit, and created quite a sensation in the ballad "Troubadour enchanting," which was loudly and unanimously encored. An apathetic manner, listless even for the sacred concert-room, will doubtless vanish with experience. At present she is a very novice to the boards, and appears to have been taught nothing whatsoever. In the small part of Liba, Miss Albertazzi (daughter, if we mistake not, to the favourite singer, Mad. Albertazzi) displayed a nice voice and much feeling, and will no doubt be an acquisition. Mr. Henry Wharton has a high baritone of fair quality, and sings well in tune. He wants power and style. His most satisfactory performance was the air, "The nectar cup may yield delight," in which he was encored. Mr. Grattan Kelly is no improvement at all on Mr. George Honey, either as singer or actor. He does not appear to have appreciated the part of the Baron as intended by the poet. In addition to Ghiva's song and the Rhine King's air, encores were awarded to the drinking-song, "Take this cup of sparkling wine," sung by Miss Louisa Pyne and chorus; to the ballad, "My home! my heart's first home!" by Mr. Harrison; and to the unaccompanied quartette, "Tho' the world with transports bless me," by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Albertazzi, Mr. Henry Wharton, and Mr. Corri.

The general performance was admirable, the band under Mr. Alfred Mellon's direction exhibiting their usual excellence. The overture was splendidly executed and loudly applauded. Of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison it is enough to state that they were in their best voice, and sang in their best manner. They were recalled separately at the end of the first act, and

received with thunders of applause. After the opera the national anthem was sung.

Lurline has been played every night during the week.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The season for English and Italian opera commences on Monday next. Mr. E. T. Smith has issued a prospectus almost as important and longitudoinous as that presented last season for the Italian Opera proper. For the first time we believe at any theatre in this country two distinct series of operas in different languages will be given. The English lead the van and will inaugurate the season on Monday with a new romantic opera, entitled *Robin Hood*, the music composed by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, the libretto by Mr. John Oxenford. Could anything look more promising? If Mr. Macfarren and Mr. Oxenford do not produce between them a first-rate work, the public will be disappointed. Moreover, Mr. E. T. Smith has spared neither pains nor expense to ensure the new opera a success. The artists who will appear in it are Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mad. Lemaire, Mr. Santley, Mr. Parkinson, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Mad. Sherrington, we believe, is not quite a novice to the boards, having performed some years ago at one of the Belgian theatres. Of her vocal capabilities we need not speak in this place. Mr. Reeves, we are told, has a part that suits him admirably, histrionically and vocally. This is an essential matter, and we have no doubt that both poet and musician had our great tenor in their mind's eye when they put pen to paper. On Wednesday the *Trovatore* will be given in Italian with Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Lemaire, Signors Giuglini, Violetti, Soldi, Mercuriali &c.

The list of names is much more formidable for the English than the Italian Opera. To the artists just mentioned we may add, among the sopranos, Miss Parepa, Mlle. Jenny Bauer, and Miss Allesandri (from the principal theatres in Spain and Italy; her first appearance in this country); among the contraltos, Miss Laura Baxter and Miss Fanny Huddart; among the tenors, Mr. Swift, Mr. George Ferren, and Mr. Terrott; and among the basses, Mr. Rosenthal, Mr. J. E. Patey, Mr. Bartleman, and Herr Hermanns. Mr. Charles Hallé is the conductor, and Mr. H. Blagrove leader of the band.

The undertaking is curious and important, and may prove hazardous. We think it somewhat bold in Mr. Smith, after securing so capital an English company—one indeed, which almost insures success *a priori*—to engage an Italian company to interfere with that success. Mr. Sims Reeves, no doubt, is a powerful attraction, and he has a public of his own who will not be moved from him by any Italian allurements. But we cannot hide from ourselves the fact that an immense temptation is proffered to the public in being afforded the means of hearing Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini at play-house prices. We hope that two audiences may be found for both operas; but we are inclined to think, taking all things into consideration, that the odds is in favour of the Italian.

MISS JOSEPHINE GOUGENHEIM.—This young actress, from the United States, whose services Mad. Celeste has secured for the Lyceum Theatre, and of whom report speaks in the highest terms, will make her *début* next Monday in a comedy, by Dion Bourcicault, Esq., entitled *The Irish Heiress*. Although not a native of the States, Miss Gougenheim's professional career commenced on the American stage, where, at a very early age, she took the highest rank as an actress of leading comedy, both of the modern and the old school. Her range is, however, not limited to this higher region, and in domestic humour and pathos she follows in the footsteps of Mrs. Keeley, as in the more refined heroines she emulates the sprightly graces and impulsive vivacity of Mrs. Nisbitt, adding to them, however, a greater power of dramatic expression. If half what the native critics say of this young lady's abilities be true the American stage will have returned in her person a very large instalment of the talent they have so long borrowed from ours.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.—Two young candidates for lyric honours, named respectively Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, recently made their *début* at the Grand Opera of Paris in Rossini's *Semiramide*, as the Babylonian Queen and Arsace. The opera has been frequently repeated, and the success of the new artists chronicled by the entire press. At the first representations indeed, the impression they made was but partial, owing to their extreme timidity, more especially that of the soprano, Mlle. Carlotta, whose nervousness amounted to positive terror. A few performances, however, restored self-possession to both ladies, and the flattering rumours from Italy that heralded their advent to the French capital were more than confirmed by their subsequent performances. Although the voice of each *débütante* is spoken of in high terms of praise, and the artistic powers of both universally lauded, it is the *ensemble* singing of the sisters above all that seems to excite astonishment and delight. Even on the first night of their appearance when, as we have said, both were under the dominion of fright, their duo singing elicited the most rapturous praise from all the critics. "The sisters Marchisio," wrote the *Ménestrel*, in allusion to the first performance of *Semiramide*, "were satisfied with singing the music of Rossini, in a manner so *unctuous*, so communicative, that the auditors felt spell-bound, and at the end the enthusiastic *bis* came from all mouths at the same time. Such was the effect of the adorable 'duo of the third act. The fact is that at a given moment the two voices of the sisters Marchisio are governed but by one soul, by one sentiment. For a long time we have heard nothing so completely harmonious, so full of an indefinable charm; and this alone, we repeat, would suffice to gain for them a high reputation, independent of any special vocal qualities." The sisters Marchisio, we understand, are about to pay a visit to England. We shall be happy to corroborate the unqualified eulogies bestowed on them by the *Ménestrel* and other Parisian journals.

Provincial.

LEEDS, Oct. 4.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Professor Bennett has accepted the offer of the Committee to become conductor of the Leeds Festival in 1861. I believe I am right in stating that the celebrated Professor is engaged in the composition of an oratorio to be produced for the first time on that occasion. "Such a work," says the *Leeds Express*, "from the pen of our gifted countryman, would be hailed with great satisfaction by all lovers of good music, and would draw higher connoisseurs from every part of England."—The members and friends of the Leeds Madrigal Society celebrated its tenth anniversary in Bullivant's Refreshment Rooms at the Leeds Town Hall on Tuesday evening last. George Young, Esq. (honorary treasurer), presided, the vice-chairmen being Mr. Cooke and Mr. Burras, two of the oldest members of the society.—The Leeds Town Hall Concert Society inaugurated their winter season last Wednesday evening with one of the most brilliant and successful concerts ever given in Leeds. The singers were, Mlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, Signor Valsovani, and Signor Violetti. Signor Giuglini's first song, from *Martha*, "M' appari," was rendered with impassioned energy and expression, and with a voice of unequalled purity. An *encore* was insisted on. Mlle. Titiens followed in a vocal waltz, by Signor Ardit, in which she displayed the most brilliant execution and a magnificent, clear, ringing soprano voice. This was also re-demanded and re-sung. In "The Last Rose of Summer," nothing could possibly excel the pathos and heart-stirring tones with which this simple ballad was delivered by Mlle. Titiens, who pronounces English with great accuracy for a foreigner. The applause which followed was almost deafening. Signor Giuglini was equally successful in the ballad "Tu m'ami" ("When other lips"), and, being encored, sang the serenade from *Rigoletto*, "Le donna e mobile." At the commencement of each part Mr. Spark played a solo on the grand organ. Signor Violetti sang the drinking song from *Martha*, and was unanimously encored. The concert closed with the celebrated "Miserere," from *Trovatore*, with both organ and piano accompaniments, and constituted an admirable finish to a very superior concert.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mad. Clara Novello's second and last farewell performance came off on Saturday, when the *Messiah* was given. The audience was even more numerous than at the first concert on Wednesday, their numbers amounting to between fourteen and fifteen thousand. The execution of Handel's great work, on the whole, was not irreproachable. The band and chorus had had no rehearsals together, and did not go always as smoothly as might have been desired; and the organist, Mr. J. Coward, was now and then at fault from the same cause. Mr. Benedict, the conductor, did all in his power to achieve a perfect performance; and if his efforts could have tended to such a result he would have accomplished it. The managers of the concert, doubtless, conceived that as the entire interest would be absorbed in Mad. Novello's singing, it would hardly be worth while taking any extra trouble, or going to any extra expense. In that case, they should not have procured so large a choral and instrumental force, nor have vaunted so much about their numbers and efficiency in the advertisements. To bring together such a phalanx was a waste of time and material, unless they were brought together for good purpose. The execution of the *Messiah*, we repeat, was by no means first-rate, a thing to be reprehended, the more so as it was within the possibility of accomplishment. On such an occasion, we are inclined to think it especially behoved the directors of the Crystal Palace to see that every pains was taken to ensure a satisfactory, if not a great, performance. That such was not attained was no fault of the soloists, all of whom not only sang their best, but were in the best condition to do so. Indeed, we do not remember to have heard the solos more admirably rendered than they were on Saturday by Mad. Clara Novello, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley. Of course complaints were made as usual by persons not being able to hear, even in the reserved places; and we must own, that from block K K we ourselves were unable to catch, with any distinctness, the florid passages in "Every valley shall be exalted," and "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" sung respectively by Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Santley. This, we are assured, was no fault of the singers. The oftener we hear music in the central transept of the Crystal Palace, the more we are convinced it is not suited, in its present state, for the equitable transmission of sound; and that, as a concert-room, the most radical alterations are imperatively called for. However, on Saturday, the visitors seemed to think little about acoustical properties, Handel's music, or anything except the fair songstress who sat before them for the last time, and who never again was to pour her divine warblings into their ears in the same place. Such considerations, indeed, were sufficient to stifle all grumbling and fault-finding, and to arrest attention to one point. The demonstration in favour of the artist was more intense than enthusiastic. The audience being for the most part composed of the gentler sex, precluded that vehement display and external ebullition of feeling, which must be sought for in other localities than in the Crystal Palace on special occasions. Mad. Novello, indeed, was received on her appearance with genuine warmth, and the thrill of admiration that went through the hearers like an electric-shock after "Rejoice greatly," "Come unto him," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was far stronger proof of the artist's power than the most boisterous acclamations. That Mad. Novello never sang more exquisitely, never sang with greater command of voice in every way, and with more faultless intonation, was the universal opinion. So perfect a performance, perhaps, has never been remembered at any former leave-taking by any singer. So perfect, indeed, that the expression involuntarily came to every tongue, "Why does Mad. Novello think of retiring into private life?" It is fortunate for those who were unable to attend the two farewell performances at the Crystal Palace, that further opportunities will be offered them of hearing Mad. Novello in London, before her final retirement. Her real last appearance in public will, we understand, take place in the metropolis.

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